MARVEL LEGACY

THE DEATH OF THE MIGHTY THOR PART 1

700

The Mighty THOR

WHEN DR. JANE FOSTER LIFTS THE MYSTIC HAMMER MJOLNIR, SHE IS TRANSFORMED INTO THE GODDESS OF THUNDER, THE MIGHTY THOR! HER ENEMIES ARE MANY, AS ASGARD DESCENDS FURTHER INTO CHAOS AND WAR THREATENS TO SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE TEN REALMS. YET HER GREATEST BATTLE WILL BE AGAINST A FAR MORE PERSONAL FOE: THE CANCER THAT IS KILLING HER MORTAL FORM...

MALEKITH AND HIS ALLIES ARE WAGING WAR ACROSS THE TEN REALMS. TO STOP HIM, VOLSTAGG PICKED UP THE HAMMER OF THE ULTIMATE THOR AND BECAME THE WAR THOR—— BUT ITS POWER DROVE HIM INTO A MAD BLOODLUST. THOR COULD NOT CALM HIM, BUT JANE FOSTER REMINDED HIM OF HIS HUMANITY, AND HE GAVE UP THE HAMMER.

AND SO THE WAR——AGAINST MALEKITH, AND AGAINST JANE'S CANCER——CONTINUES. SO, TOO, DOES THE LEGACY OF THOR, AND OF THE ODINSON WHO HAS LONG CARRIED THAT NAME. THIS IS A STORY OF THE ANCIENT, THE PRESENT, AND THE FORETOLD...

THE BLOOD OF THE NORNS

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"WHAT DO YOU *SEE*, SON OF ASGARD?"

"I SEE THE GOD I ONCE WAS. AND LONG TO BE AGAIN.

"THE GOD WHO BESTRODE THE REALMS WITH A HAMMER IN HIS HAND AND A ROAR OF THUNDER IN HIS HEART.

"I SEE THE *MIGHTY THOR.*"

AND WHAT I SEE...*PAINS* ME TO THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL.

YOU GAZE INTO THE GOLDEN SAP OF *YGGDRASIL*, INTO THE VERY LIFEBLOOD OF THE *WORLD TREE* ITSELF.

SUCH VISIONS ARE NOT FOR THE FAINT OF SPIRIT.

OR THE *UNWORTHY*.

THEN THEY ARE NOT FOR ME.

TREE HURT MASTER. BAD TREE. THORI MURDER TREE?

DOWN, DOG.

IF YOU CALLED ME ALL THE WAY HERE JUST TO *HUMILIATE* ME, WOMAN, YOU COULD HAVE SAVED US BOTH THE TROUBLE AND DONE SO BY RAVEN.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU NEEDED *HELP*.

THE ODINSON.
THE UNWORTHY THOR.

IT IS NOT I WHO NEEDS YOUR HELP, ODINSON.

IT IS THOSE I AM BOUND TO PROTECT.

THE *NORNS* ARE IN THE GRAVEST OF DANGER.

SOMEONE SEEKS TO *SLAY* THE FATES THEMSELVES.

KARNILLA.
QUEEN OF THE NORNS.

THE NORNKEEP.
AT THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE.

AND BY SOMEONE, YOU MEAN ***MALEKITH***, I PRESUME. MALEKITH THE ACCURSED. MALEKITH THE WARMONGER.

MALEKITH THE DARK ELF WHO TOOK MY ARM. AND WHO SEEKS TO SPREAD ***WAR*** THROUGHOUT THE TEN REALMS.

BUT WHY WOULD EVEN A MADMAN LIKE MALEKITH WANT TO THREATEN THE NORNS?

IF THE TWINERS OF FATE SHOULD FALL, THEN DESTINY DIES WITH THEM. MALEKITH AND HIS ***DARK CABAL*** WOULD BE FREE TO FORGE THEIR OWN FUTURES, NO MATTER THE CONSEQUENCES.

HE HAS TRIED THIS ALREADY? TO ASSAULT THE NORNKEEP?

ULIK AND HIS ***TROLLS*** HAVE TRIED. MY SOLDIERS REPELLED THEM.

BUT I FEAR THEY WERE MERELY PROBING ATTACKS, IN PREPARATION FOR A MUCH LARGER ASSAULT.

THOUGH WE HAVE OFTEN FOUND OURSELVES AT ODDS IN THE PAST, KARNILLA, I PROMISE YOU THIS...

...NO HARM SHALL BEFALL THE NORNS WHILE THE ***THUNDER GOD*** HAS BLOOD PUMPING THROUGH HIS CHEST.

THE FATES THANK YOU, ODINSON.

YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF THEIR ***FAVORITES***, YOU KNOW. FOR MANY CENTURIES HERE AT THE ***WELL OF WYRD***, THE NORNS HAVE ENJOYED WEAVING THE THREADS OF YOUR ADVENTURES.

WELL, TELL THEM TO WEAVE ONE WHERE I'M HOLDING A ***HAMMER*** FOR A CHANG--

WWROOOM

WRRROOOO

STORIES OF THOR.

HOT DOG HOT

HRRGGGHH!!!

THE MIGHTY THOR.
JANE FOSTER.
WIELDER OF MJOLNIR.

OH, MY GOD. DID YOU SEE WHAT IT DID TO THAT BUS?

GO! GET FAR AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!

OVER THE EONS AND ACROSS THE MANY DIMENSIONS, WE NORNS HAVE SEEN SOME VERY DIFFERENT SORTS OF THORS.

BIG THORS. LITTLE THORS. BEARDED THORS. GIRL THORS.

BUT THERE HAS ONLY EVER BEEN ONE KIND OF THOR STORY.

THAT LAST PUNCH NEARLY KNOCKED MY SPINE OUT OF MY BUTT. CAN'T LET HER GET THE DROP ON ME A--

GAAGGHH!!!

THE EPIC KIND.

CLONK!

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE.

MIDGARD.
NEW YORK CITY.
NOW.

THOR VERSUS HULK. WE HAVE WEAVED THAT TALE MANY TIMES BEFORE. BUT NEVER QUITE LIKE THIS.

NEVER WITH **THIS** THOR. WITH **THIS** HULK. NEVER WITH DEATH AND MADNESS LOOMING SO CLOSE FOR EACH.

RRRRGGH!

AH. IT IS... JENNIFER, IS IT NOT?

KOOM!

I BELIEVE WE HAVE MET ONCE OR TWICE BEFORE. I AM... AN OLD FRIEND OF THE PREVIOUS THOR.

THEY USED TO CALL YOU THE ***SHE-HULK***, YES?

RRRRRRGGGHH!!!

AYE, I WOULD STILL BE ANGRY ABOUT THAT AS WELL. BUT THERE IS NO REASON TO TAKE THAT OUT ON--

GLUNG

NO! NO MORE PUNCHING!

GRRRRRRRGGH!!!

JENNIFER, I DO NOT WISH TO HARM YOU. I AM ALSO...NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN THAT I CAN. I NEED YOU TO *CALM DOWN*, TO...

WHAT'S THE OPPOSITE OF HULKING OUT?

I NEED YOU TO HULK YOURSELF...*BACK IN*. CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?

BROKEN.

ALL BROKEN INSIDE. WANT...

WANT *BREAK* THINGS.

JENNIFER, LET ME HELP YOU. I KNOW DOCTORS WHO CAN...

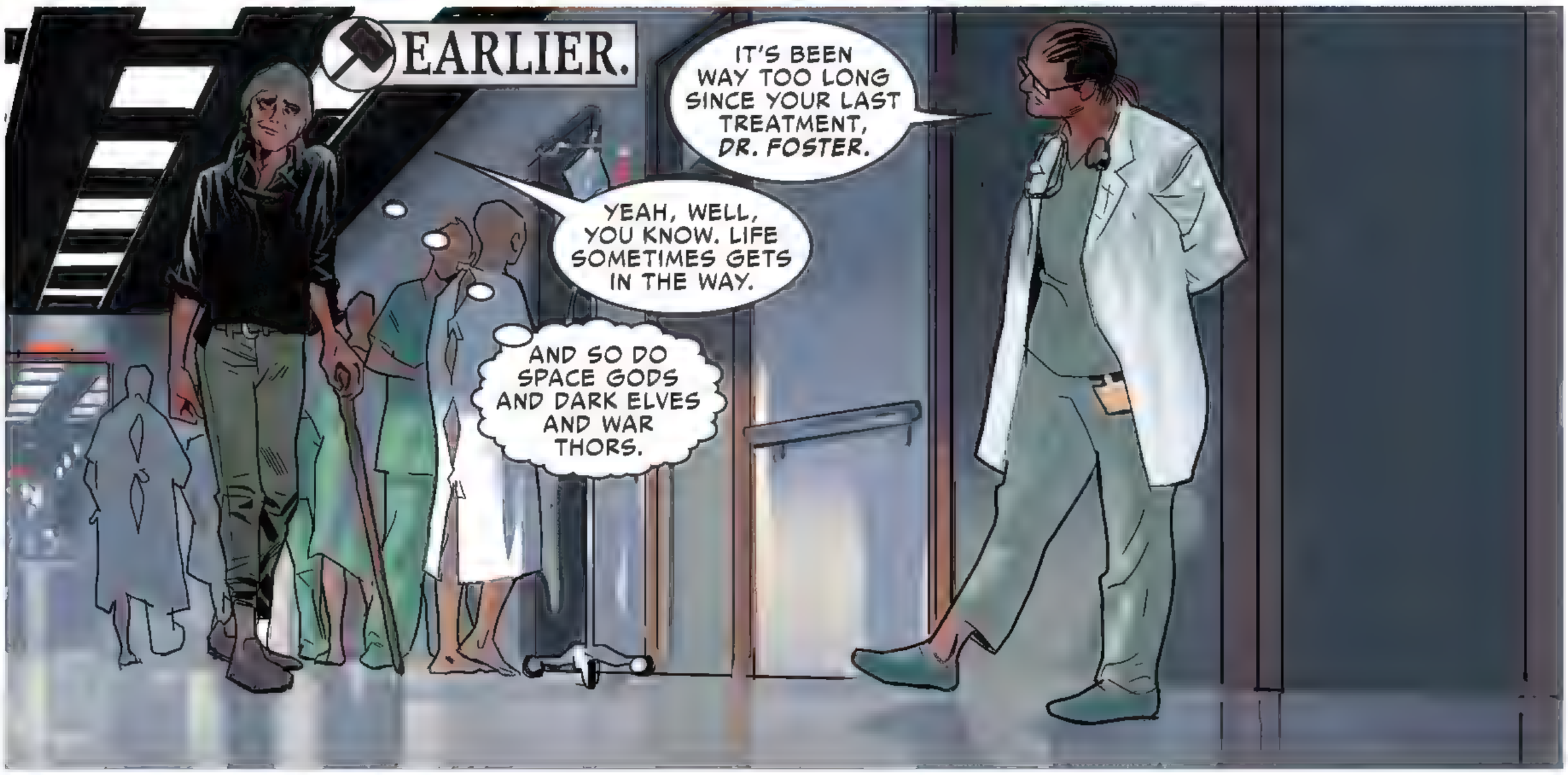
NRRRGGH!!! *NO DOCTORS!* JUST WANT TO BREAK!

WANT TO SMASH!

OH, HEL.

BOOM
AND HERE I WAS HAVING SUCH A LOVELY MORNING.

"IT'S REALLY GOOD TO SEE YOU MAKE IT IN TODAY. WE WERE STARTING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT YOU."


EARLIER.
IT'S BEEN WAY TOO LONG SINCE YOUR LAST TREATMENT, DR. FOSTER.
YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW. LIFE SOMETIMES GETS IN THE WAY.
AND SO DO SPACE GODS AND DARK ELVES AND WAR THORS.

WE'VE GOT YOU ALL SET UP IN THE INFUSION ROOM, LIKE USUAL.

HHRGGGH!

HOLD HER DOWN! I CAN'T FASTEN THE RESTRAINTS!

WHOA.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH *HER?*

GRRGH!

NYPD JUST BROUGHT HER IN. FOUND HER WANDERING THE STREETS, BABBLING INCOHERENTLY, NO I.D. SHE TOOK A SWING AT ONE OF THE COPS.

PROBABLY HIGH ON SOMETHING. THEY CAN'T GET HER CALMED DOWN.

SHE LOOKS...KINDA *FAMILIAR.*

GAAAGH, CAN'T HOLD HER!

SHE'S STRONGER THAN SHE LOOKS!

HURRY UP AND SEDATE HER BEFORE WE--

HHRRGGH!!!

RRRRRRGGH!!!

SKRAAOOM!

THUM!

GUUGH!

WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE BOROUGH AT THIS RATE. GOT TO GET HER AWAY...

AWAY FROM *EVERYTHING.*

THUD!

COME, HULK, LET US CONTINUE THIS DISCUSSION A FEW LEAGUES FROM HERE.

GRRRGH!

A FEW LEAGUES IN THE *UPWARDS* DIRECTION.

ASGARDIA.
CITY OF THE GODS.

WHILE JANE FOSTER SOARS ABOVE THE SPIRES OF MIDGARD, SOMEWHERE FAR ACROSS THE GALAXY ANOTHER THOR DEALS WITH BEING GROUNDED.

HE WAS CALLED THE WAR THOR, AND HIS THUNDER STRUCK TERROR ACROSS THE REALMS. BUT NOW HE IS ONCE AGAIN KNOWN ONLY AS...

VOLSTAGG... PLEASE BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL YOU, THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

THE ODINSON TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED. HOW YOU... LOST YOUR MIND BECAUSE OF THAT OTHER HAMMER.

THE THUNDER GUARD JUST NEEDS TO PUT YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE SO THE HEALERS CAN EXAMINE YOU.

ARE THE BONDS REALLY NECESSARY? THIS IS VOLSTAGG. WE ALL KNOW HE WOULDN'T HURT A--

KABLAM

OH, NO.

YOU ALL SHOULD RUN NOW.

NO, KEEP HIM AWAY FROM IT! KEEP HIM BACK!

IT CAME.

VOLSTAGG, NO! DON'T TOUCH IT!

IT CAME FOR ME.

ONLY WAY. TO STOP THE FIRE.

GAGH, CAN'T BUDGE HIM! HE'S TOO--

ONLY WAY TO END THE WAR.

VOLSTAGG! DON'T--

THE WAR THOR.
GOD OF THE BLOODSTORM.
WIELDER OF A MJOLNIR
FROM A DEAD UNIVERSE.

WHERE THERE IS WAR...

...THERE IS ALWAYS A THOR.

There always has been.

MIDGARD.
896 A.D.

Their warships are cutting right through us like Surtur's flaming sword!

We cannot stop them! There...there are just too Odin-damned many!

Nay!

And pray for more trolls!

THE WEAPONS HALL OF ASGARD.

HHRRRRGGGH!!!

Battle is how they prove themselves. How they become who it is they're meant to be. One might even say...

There are not ENOUGH!

YOUNG THOR.
GOD OF THE VIKINGS.

Quickly, beseech my father in Asgard!

No Thor has ever looked forward to war. But they do crave combat. As a newborn babe craves its mother's milk.

...IT'S IN THEIR BLOOD.

AH, I DO SO ENJOY FAMILY REUNIONS.

YOU REMEMBER MY BELOVED SON, *FENRIS*, I ASSUME? I HAVE LOOSED HIM FROM GLEIPNIR, THOSE CRUEL CHAINS FORGED BY THE ALL-FATHER.

HE'S QUITE ANXIOUS TO GET REACQUAINTED WITH THE REST OF HIS KIN, ESPECIALLY HIS *LEGENDARY UNCLE.* AREN'T YOU, FENRIS?

ALL I SEE IS *MEAT.*

AND ALL I HEAR IS *BARKING.* TELL ME, LOKI...

...DOES YOUR DOG HAVE ANY *BITE?*

BATTLE AND THUNDER AND URU. THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT MAKE A THOR.

HRRRGGH! *MOVE,* YOU STUPID HAMMER!

WITH A FEW OTHER INGREDIENTS.

HE...HE JUST OUTDRANK A FISH-MAN FROM ATLANTIS!

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? WE BREATHE WATER!

AYE, BUT THOR BREATHES *MEAD!* FETCH ME ANOTHER FACEFUL!

BUT WHICH INGREDIENT IS THE MOST CRUCIAL TO THE RECIPE?

HRRRGH!

WITHOUT WHICH KEY COMPONENT IS A THOR NO LONGER A THOR?

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THOSE BLASTED HUMANS ON MIDGARD!

NO SON OF MINE WILL DARE SPEAK TO ME LIKE--

AND I THOUGHT I TOLD *YOU* TO MIND YOUR OWN DAMN BUSINESS!

GO TO HEL!

WHAT THRESHOLD MUST THEY PASS TO BE CAPABLE OF COMMANDING THE THUNDER?

TO BE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, WHAT THEY MOST YEARN AND STRIVE TO BE...

WORTHY.

OFF AGAIN SO SOON, YOUNG THUNDER GOD?

DO THE ALL-SEEING EYES OF HEIMDALL BEHOLD A *MJOLNIR* IN MY HAND?

NAY, THEY DO NOT. SO FIND ME SOMEONE IN NEED OF *SMITING*, GUARDIAN OF THE BRIDGE.

THERE ARE MANY SUCH BEINGS ACROSS THE REALMS.

THEN SEND ME THERE.

TO WHICH ONE?

"ALL OF THEM!"

THE ODINSON'S QUEST TO PROVE HIMSELF IS A SEEMINGLY UNENDING TALE, STRETCHING BACK FAR INTO THE PAST FOR MANY CENTURIES...

...AND EVEN FARTHER INTO THE FUTURE.

NEW MIDGARD.
UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.

NO, YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG.

THIS ISN'T HOW THE ALL-GRANDFATHER SHOWED US. THIS ISN'T WHAT NEW MIDGARD NEEDS.

ELLISIV IS RIGHT. LESS THUNDER AND MORE RAIN, *ATLI*.

RAIN IS BORING, *FRIGG*. THUNDER ISN'T.

BUT THUNDER DOESN'T MAKE THE PLANTS GROW.

I'LL SHOW YOU THUNDER, SISTER!

KRAKOOM

THEY'RE *FIGHTING* AGAIN.

ARE THE GODDESSES ANGRY BECAUSE WE DON'T WORSHIP THEM ENOUGH? IS THAT WHY THEY FIGHT?

THEY FIGHT BECAUSE THERE'S TOO DAMN MUCH OF THEIR GRANDFATHER IN THEM. TOO MUCH OF *ME*.

KING THOR.
ALL-FATHER AT THE END OF TIME.

AND I DIDN'T CREATE YOU SO YOU COULD WORSHIP US.

THEN WHY ARE WE HERE?

AND DID THEIR GODS EVER ANSWER?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG MEN HAVE BEEN ASKING THAT QUESTION OF THEIR GODS.

NOT TYPICALLY, NO. GODS COULD BE BASTARDS LIKE THAT.

BUT I WILL TELL YOU NOW, ***JANE AND STEVE*** OF NEW MIDGARD, WHAT THOSE OTHER GODS NEVER WOULD.

YOU ARE HERE TO ***LIVE***.

TO GROW AND DREAM AND MAKE THIS WORLD YOUR HOME. AND TO FIND YOUR OWN WAY, YOUR OWN PLACE IN THE COSMOS, GODS BE DAMNED. MYSELF INCLUDED.

BUT THOR IS A ***GOOD*** GOD.

THOR IS A ***TIRED*** GOD.

STORY! STORY!

AH, BUT I SUPPOSE I DO HAVE TIME FOR JUST ONE MORE TALE.

HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU CHILDREN HOW I DEFEATED GALACTUS WITH JUST ONE ARM?

AND SO KING THOR TELLS THE STORY OF HOW HE SAVED THE EARTH FROM THE EATER OF WORLDS, USING THE WEAPON OF ONE OF HIS GREATEST ENEMIES.

THE WEAPON OF GORR THE GOD BUTCHER.

BUT WHAT KING THOR DOES NOT KNOW IS THAT THE STORY OF ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD DID NOT END.

THAT IT CONTINUES ON, ELSEWHERE AT THE END OF TIME, IN THE DEEPEST REACHES OF SPACE...

IN THE FORM OF BLACK GALACTUS, THE BUTCHER OF WORLDS.

ALL WORLDS MUST DIE!

THE NECROSWORD HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED, BUT INSTEAD WAS ABSORBED BY GALACTUS. OR PERHAPS...

...GALACTUS HAD BEEN ABSORBED BY IT.

MURDERER!

YOU'VE JUST EATEN YOUR LAST MEAL, YOU BASTARD!

AND SO IT IS THAT GALACTUS MEETS HIS GREATEST FOE FOR THE FINAL TIME. THE PLANET-EATER VERSUS THE PLANET THAT BITES BACK.

THOSE WERE MY GRANDCHILDREN!

EGO THE LIVING PLANET.

EGO. FOR FAR TOO MANY EONS HAVE YOU MANAGED TO AVOID MY GULLET, YOU WITHERED OLD PLUTOID.

I WILL WATER THE STARS WITH YOUR BLOOD, GALACTUS, FROM HERE TO--

GAGGH! MY EYE!

SAME OLD EGO.

THE PLANET THAT LOVES TO HEAR ITS OWN VOICE.

HHHRRRGH!!!

I WILL PEEL YOU OPEN *SLOWLY* SO YOU CAN WATCH YOURSELF GUSHING MAGMA, YOUR MOLTEN GUTS SPILLING OUT ACROSS THE SPACEWAYS.

AND THEN I WILL TAKE YOU APART, ONE CONTINENT AT A TIME. SAVORING EVERY BITE. FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT?

HRRGH GRRRN.

SORRY, I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE THAT OUT.

WHHAA--

AAAAARRRRGGGHH!!!

I SAID...

...NOT IF I EAT YOU FIRST.

AND WITH THOSE WORDS IS BORN... EGO THE NECROWORLD.

THE BUTCHER OF GALACTUS.

HHRRGGH!!! NOOO!!! GAAAARRGH!!!

AND SO THE STORY AT THE END OF TIME TAKES A TURN AND CONTINUES ON. AND WHERE NEXT IT MIGHT LEAD, NO ONE CAN SAY.

NO ONE AT ALL.

HEH.

I BELIEVE I SEE AN *ENDING* IN SIGHT FOR US, BROTHER.

AT LONG LAST.

JOTUNHEIM. LAND OF THE FROST GIANTS. NOW.

LOKI HAS OFTEN TRIED TO WEAVE HIS OWN TALE, BUT THE PRINCE OF LIES IS ABOUT AS MUCH A NORN...AS HE IS A GIANT.

WELL, THAT WAS CONSIDERABLY LESS FUN THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

I TOLD YOU WE WERE MEETING AN ENVOY OF MOUNTAIN GIANTS. WHAT EXACTLY WERE YOU EXPECTING TO HAPPEN, LITTLE PRINCE OF JACKASSES?

I SUPPOSE I THOUGHT THERE'D BE MORE FEASTING. THE ASGARDIANS DO LOVE THEIR FEASTS WHEN TREATING WITH ENVOYS.

ALSO I DIDN'T EXPECT YOUR GUARDS TO BE COMPLETELY WIPED OUT AND FOR US TO ALMOST BE MURDERED AND DEVOURED BY FLESH-EATING HILLBILLY GIANTS.

COWARDS AMBUSHED US. *REAL* GIANTS FIGHT FACE-TO-FACE. YOU'D KNOW THAT, BOY, IF YOU WERE MY SON IN MORE THAN NAME.

YES, WELL, AT LEAST THIS FINALLY AFFORDS US SOME TIME ALONE.

THERE ARE SO MANY QUESTIONS I'VE WANTED TO ASK YOU SINCE YOU CAME BACK TO LIFE, FATHER.

LIKE... OH, I DON'T KNOW...

IS IT TRUE MY MOTHER FARBAUTI BURIED AN ICE DAGGER IN HER OWN HEART THE NIGHT I WAS BORN?

OR... OR DID YOU...

UM, KING LAUFEY?

THIS DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS A PARTICULARLY GOOD PLACE FOR A NAP.

MIDGARD.
NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK.

WHILE THERE ARE THOSE LIKE LOKI WHO ATTEMPT TO WEAVE THEIR OWN TALE, THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE PERFECTLY CONTENT LETTING THE NORNS WEAVE IT FOR THEM, AS THE GODS INTENDED.

THIS SOMETIMES MAKES FOR UNEXPECTED PLOT TWISTS.

THE LIFE OF SIMON WALTERSON IS ONE SUCH TALE. CURSED BY A MYSTIC, HE LOST HIS HUMAN FORM.

AND THEN A CHANCE ENCOUNTER WITH THE GOD OF THUNDER TRANSFORMED HIM EVEN FURTHER.

THROG.
FROG OF THUNDER.

HMM, NO SIGN OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE HORDE. MAYBE THE RAT WARS HAVE FINALLY ENDED.

WAIT, WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING LYING IN THE GRASS. LOOKS ALMOST LIKE...

BY THE SPIRE OF BELVEDERE CASTLE! THIS...

...THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR THE FROG OF THUNDER.

DOES IT?

GRUNK

GAH, I CANNOT SEE!

SMASH STUPID HELMET! SMASH STUPID FACE!

EAT PUNY HAMMER!

GAAAGH!

I BET YOU NEVER BIT THE *OTHER* THOR!

HULK NO FLY!

AYE, YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT THAT! *FOR WE ARE GOING DOWN!*

THE SKIES ABOVE QUEENS SHAKE WITH THUNDER.

WHILE AT THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE...

RRRRRGGHH!!! MALEKITH!!!

YOU CAN SEND EVERY MONSTER FROM EVERY REALM...

AND THE ODINSON WILL SEND THEM ALL TO HEL!

HEL HEL HEL!

THORI IS GOOD DOG! BEST MURDER-DOG IN ALL OF HEL!

KEEP COMING! MY AX STILL HUNGERS!

COME AND FEED IT, YOU BASTARDS!

"THE ODINSON FIGHTS...LIKE A GOD POSSESSED.

"BUT IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH."

NOT TO SAVE THE NORNS.

MALEKITH'S FORCES WILL NEVER TAKE THE NORNKEEP, MY QUEEN. WE SWEAR IT UPON OUR LIVES.

YOUR LIVES WOULD BE BETTER SPENT... TAKING THE NORNS FAR AWAY FROM THIS PLACE. FROM THIS WAR.

MY QUEEN? BUT...

YOU HEARD ME. DIVIDE YOUR FORCES INTO THREE. EACH TEAM WILL TAKE A NORN AND FLEE IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.

HIDE THEM. PROTECT THEM AT ALL COSTS.

BUT WITHOUT THE NORNS...WHO WILL WEAVE THE THREADS OF FATE?

I AM THE QUEEN OF THE NORNS, AM I NOT?

IT IS TIME I CONTROLLED MY *OWN* FATE FOR ONCE.

SMASH

THUD

GRRRGGGH!!! HULK HATE!

HATE PUNY THOR!

MJOLNIR! MAKE SURE THIS BUILDING IS EMPTY!

KOOM!

KRAKLE

GOOD! THEN BRING IT DOWN ON TOP OF US!

RRRRGGGHH!!! LET HULK GO!!!

UGGH!

THE ANGRIER SHE GETS, THE STRONGER SHE GROWS! I CANNOT HOLD HER FOR LONG!

MJOLNIR! DO IT NOW!

KRUDA-KOOOM

RRRRRRRGGHH!!!

TOOTHGRINDER! THOR! MIND THE FLANKS! DON'T LET ANYONE PAST!

NO. MORE. MURDER.

INTO THE CASTLE! KILL THE NORNS! KILL THE--

--HGGGHK!

THERE IS ONLY *ONE* NORN IN THE NORNKEEP TODAY.

AND SHE HOLDS *ALL* YOUR FATES IN HER HANDS.

GHHHK!!!

SHE SEES WHERE THE THREADS WILL LEAD, WHERE THEY'LL FRAY AND KNOT AND SEVER, FOR ALL OF YOU.

FOR...

"...FOR ALL THE REALMS.

"FOR ALL THE GODS.

"FOR ALL THE THORS."

KEEP HACKING! WE'VE ALMOST GOT IT!

THE WAR OF THE REALMS. THE BATTLE FOR THE STONES. THE FINAL HOST. THE MANGOG.

GODS HELP US.

DEATH...

I SEE THE MOST HORRIBLE OF DEATHS COMING FOR...

THERE IT GOES!

NO MORE ROOTS, NO MORE NORNKEEP! HA HA!

KARNILLA!

RRRGGGH! PUNY HAMMER! HULK HATE--

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MJOLNIR!

GAAAGH! I CAN'T STAND IT! MAKE IT STOP!

THE PIGEONS SAW THE MURDER. THE PIGEONS TOLD THE FROG. THE FROG FOUND THE MAN.

AND THEN THE STORM BEGAN.

A STORM THAT FOLLOWED THE MAN THROUGHOUT THE CITY. NO MATTER WHERE HE WENT. A STORM THAT ONLY POURED ON HIM.

I DID IT! I KILLED HIM! DUMPED HIS BODY IN CENTRAL PARK! PLEASE, JUST MAKE IT STOP!

PLEASE MAKE THE THUNDER GO AWAY!

NOT BAD, I GUESS. FOR A FROG. NOW TO GET BACK TO...

WE GOT A CODE GREEN, GUYS! OUT AT LAGUARDIA! THEY NEED ALL AVAILABLE UNITS OUT THERE!

I REPEAT, A CODE GREEN! SUSPECT WAS LAST SEEN ENGAGED IN BATTLE WITH...

ZZZZ

WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU PASSED OUT. HOURS AGO. I TREATED YOUR WOUNDS WITH A SPELL OF--

HOURS AGO?

AND YOU'VE JUST BEEN *SITTING* HERE?! NO WAY IN HEL IS THAT MY BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS, YOU TINY FOOL!

THOSE *MOUNTAIN GIANTS* WILL FOLLOW OUR TRAIL AND--

THEY ALREADY DID.

YMIR'S BEARD. YOU...

...YOU DID ALL THAT?

FACE-TO-FACE. I LOOKED EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM SQUARE IN THE EYES... JUST BEFORE I...

I DID LIKE YOU SAID, FATHER.

HA! MAYBE THERE'S A DROP OF *GIANT* BLOOD IN YOU AFTER ALL, LOKI LAUFEYSON!

MUST BE. I'VE CERTAINLY NEVER FELT...

...SO *TALL.*

RRGGGH! MJOLNIR! I'M DOWN HERE! I'M...

NO! I'M STARTING TO *CHANGE*. AS JANE, I'LL INSTANTLY BE CRUSHED TO DEATH.

MJOLNIR! HAVE TO TOUCH MJOLNIR OR I'LL...

MJOLNIR?

WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR A *SLIVER* OF IT?

BONK!

MUST BE... PASSING OUT. BECAUSE I SWEAR THAT *FROG*...

...FROG LOOKS JUST LIKE...

JANE.
DON'T LET JANE...

I DID MY BEST TO TWINE THE TALE. I BLED LIKE A NORN. I DIE PROUD AND HAPPY.

MINE IS NOT THE DEATH YOU SHOULD FEAR, ODINSON.

AND I SAY THEE NAY, QUEEN OF THE NORNS. I WILL GET YOU TO ASGARDIA. WE WILL...

I SAW THE THREADS. THE FATES OF US ALL.

I SAW DEATH. DEATH COMING.

COMING FOR ME.

HHHRRRGGHiii!

KARNILLA!

SVARTALFHEIM.
REALM OF THE DARK ELVES.

WORD HAS COME FROM THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE. THE NORNKEEP HAS FALLEN.

YOUR FATE BELONGS TO NONE BUT *YOU* NOW.

CONGRATULATIONS, *KING MALEKITH.*

no.

HEVEN
VANAHEIM
ASGARD
NIDAVELLIR
SVARTALFHEIM
MIDGARD
ALFHEIM
JOTUNHEIM
MUSPELHEIM
NIFFLEHEIM

NOT JUST MY FATE.

ALL OF THEIR FATES.

EVERY LAST REALM.

HA. IT'S GOING TO BE SUCH A *BEAUTIFUL* WAR.

HAA HA HA!

IN THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF SPACE.

ENJOYING YOURSELF?

NOT PARTICULARLY. I NEEDED TO BE SURROUNDED BY DEATH. SO I FOUND A *WORLD* TO MURDER.

YOU MISS YOUR HOME.

YES. I WANT MY *HEL* BACK.

AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT, *HELA*. AS I'VE PROMISED.

BUT THERE IS STILL ONE THING WE WILL HAVE TO DO FIRST.

AND WHAT IS THAT, DEAREST *THANOS*?

KILL... *MANY* MORE PEOPLE.

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK, MY LOVE.

"OH NO, NOT AGAIN."

I BLACKED OUT AGAIN. I...

YOU'RE LOSING IT, JENNIFER.

I'VE GOT TO GET SOME HELP BEFORE...BEFORE I HURT SOMEONE OTHER THAN MYSELF.

WOW. I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST *TEAMED UP* WITH THE NEW THOR.

THIS... THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION.

I WONDER WHERE I CAN FIND SOME *MEAD?*

REEEK

AH, SO YOU THINK ME AN EASY MEAL, DO YOU? YOU'LL SOON LEARN OTHERWISE.

RATS OF QUEENS, PREPARE TO TASTE THE HAMMER OF *THROG!*

REEEK

REEEK

REEEK REEEK

RIGHT. LET'S NEVER BE APART AGAIN.

COME THEN, MJOLNIR.

WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO OUT THERE.

OUR JOB AS NORNS IS NOT TO DICTATE STORIES HOWEVER WE PLEASE...

...BUT TO DRAW YOUR OWN STORY OUT FROM YOU. TO EMPOWER YOUR NARRATIVE TO REVEAL ITS TRUE SELF.

IN ALL ITS NOBILITY.

ITS POWER. ITS WORTHINESS AND GRANDEUR.

IN ALL ITS TRAGEDY.

WE'RE SORRY THAT WE MUST LEAVE YOU NOW.

THIS IS WRONG.

AND VERY SORRY WE CANNOT CHANGE... WHAT IS TO COME.

WE SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS. WE SHOULDN'T BE GOING TO...

WHERE ARE WE GOING AGAIN?

TO MUSPELHEIM. NO, TO SVARTALFHEIM. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE WAR. BUT...

BUT I THINK I JUST NEED TO BE *ALONE*. JUST NEED TO GO TO...

WHUHH--

OLD ASGARD.
WHERE ONCE DWELLED THE GODS.

HRRGH! GET BACK, YOU...!

...YOU... GOAT.

TOOTHGNASHER.

ODINSON LEFT YOU TO GUARD THE HAMMER, DIDN'T HE?

NO, YOU CANNOT HAVE IT BACK! IT CHOSE *ME!* IT *CAME* TO ME! IT...

IT WANTS ME TO END THE WAR. AND I...I WANT...

I NEVER ASKED FOR THIS! I NEVER ASKED TO BE THOR!

THOOM

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE...GNASHER, NO, WAIT!

RRRRAARR!!

RGH

BY ALL THE GODS. IT CAN'T BE.

YOU CALL YOURSELF THOR.

YOU'RE NO THOR I'VE EVER SEEN.

SKRRNNNCH

BUT YOU'LL DO.

THUNK

FOR A START.

AT LONG LAST, **MANGOG** HAS RETURNED TO ASGARD!

WITH THE STRENGTH OF A BILLION BILLION BEINGS! AND A RAGE UNQUENCHABLE!

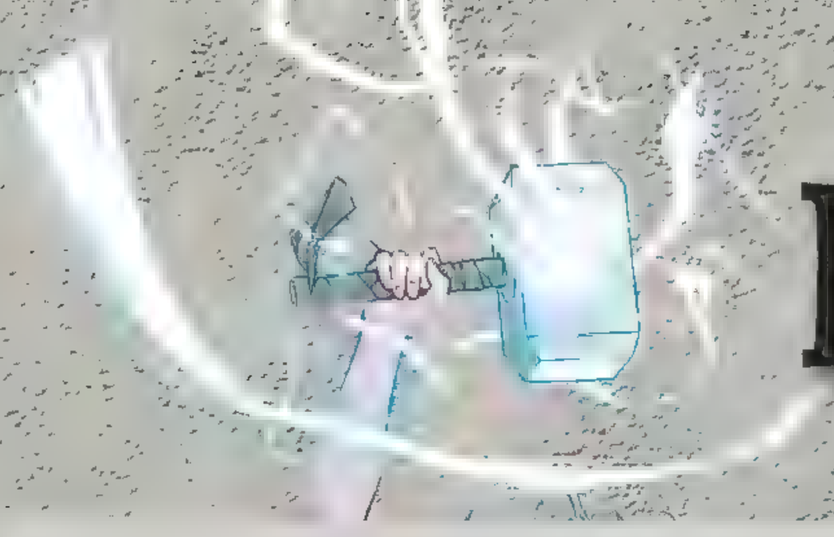
WHICH MEANS THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT!

TIME FOR GODS TO DIE SCREAMING AND WAILING!

STARTING WITH **YOU!**

"BUT REST ASSURED... YOU WILL NOT BE THE LAST."

TO BE CONTINUED.



AND LO, THERE CAME THE... HAMMER GRAMS

SEND LETTERS TO MHEROES@MARVEL.COM, DON'T FORGET TO MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

700.

700 ISSUES OF LEE AND KIRBY, JURGENS AND ROMITA JR., JMS AND COIPEL, SIMONSON AND...SIMONSON. 700 ISSUES OF LOKI'S CUNNING LIES AND ODIN'S INSANE OUTFITS. OF ASGARD AND ASGARDIA. BROXTON AND THE BLACK GALAXY. THUNDER FROGS AND FLYING GOATS AND TALKING RAVENS. FAFNIR AND FENRIS AND FIN FANG FOOM. BETA RAY BILL AND WILLIAM THE WARRIOR. THE RISE AND FALL OF ERIC MASTERSON. THE MADNESS OF EGO. THE SACRIFICE OF THE RUNE KING. ODIN VS. THE FOURTH HOST. SKURGE WITH THOSE M-16S. THE GODDESS OF THUNDER.

700. ZOUNDS. BY MY BEARD, WHAT AN HONOR AND A THRILL IT IS TO BE HERE FOR THIS ONE.

I'M GRATEFUL THAT I GET TO BE THE GUY GUIDING THE SHIP AS WE SAIL THROUGH THESE AWE-INSPIRING, ANNIVERSARY WATERS. AND THE FACT THAT I'VE SO FAR BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR ABOUT SIXTY-SOMETHING OF THOSE 700 ISSUES IS A SOURCE OF GREAT JOY AND PRIDE FOR ME.

I LOVE THOR.

LIKE ODIN LOVES CRAZY HATS.

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE MIGHTY THOR STANDS ALONE IN THE PANTHEON OF ALL SUPER HEROES.

THOR WAS THE FIRST AND THE BEST...SUPER-GOD.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY TURNED MODERN. DIVINITY MADE MANIFEST, IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER.

AND 55 YEARS AND 700 ISSUES LATER, THE ADVENTURES OF THOR ARE STILL GOING STRONG. THIS ISSUE YOU'RE HOLDING NOW IS AN EPIC CELEBRATION OF ALL THINGS THOR. OF WHERE WE'VE COME FROM AND WHERE WE'RE GOING.

AND I THINK ALL OF US INVOLVED ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE THESE NEXT 700 ISSUES JUST AS EXCITING AND THUNDEROUS AS THE LAST.

THANK YOU TO THE AMAZING CAVALCADE OF ARTISTS WHO WORKED ON THIS GOD-SIZED SPECTACULAR. THIS IS SERIOUSLY ONE OF THE FINEST GATHERINGS OF ARTISTIC TALENT YOU'RE LIABLE TO FIND ON ANY COMIC ANYWHERE. AND THANKS AS ALWAYS TO ALL THE FINE FOLKS AT MARVEL FOR MAKING IT ALL HAPPEN.

AND THANKS TO YOU. FOR READING AND BELIEVING. FOR ALWAYS LOOKING UP IN WONDER.

FOR HELPING US BRING TO LIFE THE GOD OF MY DREAMS. OF ALL OUR DREAMS.

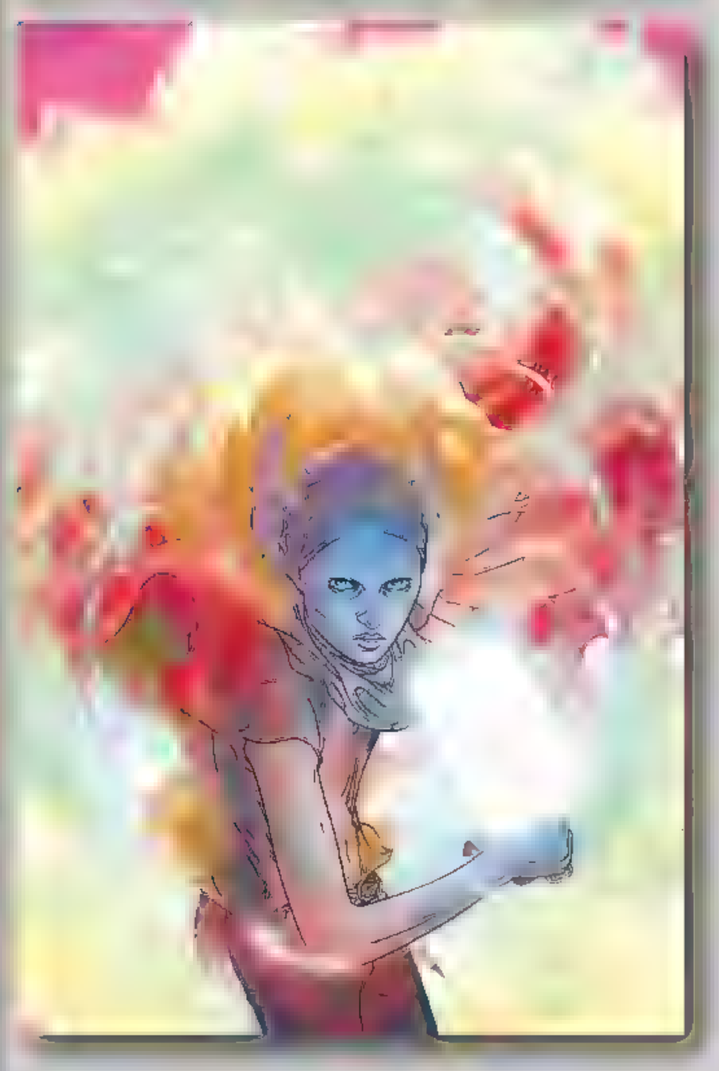
LONG LIVE THOR.

JASON AARON
KC

NEXT:

THE MIGHTY THOR #701
WAR THOR FACES THE BEAST WITH THE MIGHT OF A BILLION BILLION BEINGS!

THE MIGHTY THOR #702: REVOLUTION IN HEAVEN!



THE MIGHTY THOR #703: THE FALL OF ASGARD!

THE HAMMER MJOLNIR BEARS A SIMPLE INSCRIPTION...

"WHOSOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF HE BE WORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF THOR."

FOR A TIME, ODINSON WIELDED THE POWER OF MJOLNIR. HE PROTECTED ASGARD AND MIDGARD FROM EVERY FOUL BEAST KNOWN TO GOD AND MAN.

UNTIL HE BECAME...

...UNWORTHY.

MJOLNIR WAITED UNTIL A SUCCESSOR COULD BE FOUND...

EMERGENCY

4

JANE FOSTER PURSUED A CAREER IN MEDICINE AFTER LOSING HER MOTHER TO CANCER AT AN EARLY AGE. THE SAME CANCER...

...THAT WOULD ONE DAY FIND JANE.

SHE BATTLED THE CANCER HEAD-ON, NEVER STOPPING.

UNTIL FATE INTERVENED.

CHEMOTH
ROO
Please Do N

A LONGTIME FRIEND OF ODINSON, JANE ACCEPTED A POSITION IN THE...

...CONGRESS OF WORLDS, A CONGREGATION REPRESENTING THE TEN REALMS. IT WAS THERE THAT MJOLNIR FOUND ITS NEW OWNER.

GARD

THOUGH THE TRANSFORMATION CANCELS OUT HER CANCER TREATMENT, JANE HAS ACCEPTED HER NEW LIFE.

FOR NOW SHE KNOWS...

..."WHOSOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF SHE BE WORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF..."

The Mighty Thor

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